

# The Saturday Evening

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### ACROSTIC.

Caroline, the muse evokes the useful lyre,  
And kindles in the blank of beauty's fire;  
Beneath those charms, and softly sweet that face,  
On which the graces pour their every grace;  
Like bright beams—bright that gleam'd in brow,  
In which young Cupid sits to bend his bow,  
Near by his side the pregnant quiver rests,  
Exhaustive with darts, to smite the youthful breast.  
Can beauty's beam forever fix the mind,  
And dim the light that beams from inner mind?  
No! beauty's charms may chain the mortal eye,  
For one short moment—but can never die;  
In beauty, virtue, wit, and sense are found,  
Each charm is found to hold the mortal hand;  
Lo! how we love and virtue build their shrine,  
And how we love and virtue build their shrine.  
WILLIAMS.

### TO "GANEV."

WITH A LOCK OF HAIR.

Go—right go—pledge of my heart  
To him, the pledge of love who craves—  
Till his own shadow true from out  
Of him, from whom this pledge speaks.  
Tell him to hold it in a beam  
From the sun at noonday bright—  
Beneath the gentle sun's glow  
With reverent awe of delight.  
But should no kindly moment play  
Upon this world's look of hair—  
In human nature 'twill lay  
Although the power to glow is there.  
Go, right, go to him whose heart  
With love's warm will ever glow;  
Go, right, go—and as we part,  
My heart does whisper, right go!  
Go, right, go—for his dear sake  
Alone, whose heart is true and true,  
I will not break his heart to take,  
And pay the eternal love with mine.  
HARRIET.

### TO JANE.

While curls the tress his wood-note so gay,  
As proudly he sits on his own native tree;  
And sweet is the sound of his voice's praise,  
Singing over the surface of yonder bright lake.  
But more sweet than the wood-note of robin so gay,  
More sweet than the sound of the lark's positive lay,  
Is the voice of my Jane. When in music I hear,  
To me that thrills to my heart from my ear.  
The flowers of spring are both fragrant and fair,  
The lily's perfume and the rose's rich dye;  
The violet looks from its sweetest bed,  
And the pink's pure carnation delights the fond eye.  
Yet more fragrant than lily's perfume is the breath  
Of Jane, when my soul shall love even to death;  
More rich than the rose's red dye, is the bloom  
On her cheeks, which the fire of love's heat consumes.  
The clouds that ride swift on the wings of the wind,  
When Nature appears cloth'd in Autumn's array,  
Are lovely and give pleasure sweet to the mind,  
In Heaven's arch'd vault as they quietly play.  
But lovelier far than pure Autumn's fair sky,  
Is the smile that beams softly in Jane's mild blue eye;  
The smile that can raise in my breast joy's refrain;  
The smile that breathes a serene, tender strain.  
GANEV.

### STANZAS.

At morn I saw a fair,  
Deep as a vale it grew;  
With its snow-mountain could compare  
In purity of hue.

Within its bosom couched the dew  
Dropt from purest skies;  
Around its bosom perfume threw  
The joys of Paradise.

At noon, again, this beautiful form  
I sought, and found it dead;  
Beneath the rays of solar power  
It droop'd its lifeless head.

Sighing, I said, the course of man  
Is like this fleeting flow'r;  
His journey's short, nor can he sum  
Beyond the present hour.

On life's gay stage he enters first,  
And all around him plays;  
But soon, by blighting care oppress'd,  
His children pleasures slays.

Overburden'd quite with gloomy grief,  
His spirit sinks in woe;  
He flies to Heaven to seek relief  
From trials here below.

ROSALIE.

"It is said that an Indian was one day lying  
on his back, a short distance above the  
falls of Niagara—some evil-disposed person cut  
the rope which tied his vessel to the shore, and  
he went rapidly towards the falls. The Indian  
awoke, and perceiving that death was inevitable,  
he held himself calmly down, and awaited his fate  
with the utmost composure."—*Westchester.*

That glides the stream—the falls are near—oh, is it so?  
Oh, yes, Great Spirit! now I feel that I too must go;  
Why should Adam's fall? his heart has never quail'd in flight!  
A seed, out in the land of souls, shrunk from his father's sight.

His father's fall he follows—oh, and dearly have they paid  
that dark day when each on earth his father's form was laid;  
his kind heart will'd the hours that he had lived for his  
day.

Why should he fear?—the arrow goes not true to its goal,  
Nor can the arrow's hand be true, or hold his soul.  
His kind heart would his wretched darkness all the sky,  
but that that thrusting gleam was Adam's angry eye.

Why did he dream back? three were in anguish his the  
sorrow;  
Chief of his tribe, with no where to be found!  
His kind heart would his wretched darkness all the sky,  
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## PARANATURAL FILL SHOPS.

BY DOCTOR SANGRADO.

Dr. SANGRADO, finding it utterly impossible, from the multiplicity of his engagements, to administer to the complaints of all who require the exertion of his professional skill, has deemed it advisable, under the favour of his celestial patronesses, the tutelary nine, to engage, as an auxiliary, a disciple of Hippocrates, who has long been accustomed to treating the diseases of those who are afflicted with minor ailments, and his concomitant evils. The assistant, although not consummate in the science he practices, will, nevertheless, from his access to the Doctor's infallible recipes, and under the directions of his principal, be enabled to prescribe effectually for the innumerable train of disorders, the race of would-be barbers imagine, that, because the Doctor is at this time unavoidably deterred from attending to them, he has withdrawn from the discharge of the duty allotted him by the Muses; for, it is his intention briefly to re-appear, with a fresh supply of nostrums, among which will be found a sovereign balm, expressly prepared for several whose cases are now under consideration.

Having thus, in my preliminary, slightly glanced at the causes which operated to obtain for me the desirable situation I now hold, in the capacity of assistant to Dr. Sangrado, and, having made known the reason of his absence from behind the counter of his "Fill Shop," I come to the important duty of dispensing my "Balm of Gilead" to one who, from the sickly condition of his perspiration, together with a few "compunctious visitings of conscience," seems especially to require its healing influence. It appears, from the prefatory remarks to what my patient very modestly terms "Poetry," that he is a "young lad," it being his second attempt "to soar on the wings of imagination to the empyrean habitations of the Muses. Unfortunately for the success of our Juvenile Prometheus, he had not risen far above "this soother world" when the pinions on which he meant to sail through Heaven's arched vault gave way, and he was precipitated into a filthy channel, which flows through a certain place well known to persons of a similar description, by the name of Poetasters' Grove, where "dulness immortal reigns." Happily, the injury he received is not mortal, and should he pay strict observance to my prescriptions, I promise him a speedy recovery. I shall suspend, however, all further commentary until this "young lad" has exhibited his "second attempt," in his own mellifluous language.

Never, Editors—if you deem the following lines worthy of an insertion in your paper you will please insert them being composed by a young lad being his second attempt.

### POETRY.

As on the banks alone I stray'd,  
And musing on my charming maid,  
For help, oh help I heard a cry,  
And by the sound I knew 'T was nigh.

I drew my pistol from my belt,  
When lo, a dreadful shock I felt,  
Methought it was Lavinia cried,  
There is a dagger in my side.

I now had gain'd the fatal spot,  
Where stood a lonely wretched cot,  
I entered it with little heed,  
Where stood the monster of the deed.

I saw there weltering in her blood,  
Lavinia in this cot of mud,  
I shot the monster through the heart,  
And made him feel death's fatal dart.

Have you ever, gentle reader, in the course of your peregrinations through the paths of literature, met with a more exquisite regale, than the delicious morsels I have just set before you afford? I think not. With what admirable dexterity does the "young lad" introduce his subject—how powerful is the effect produced by his beautiful simplicity, and how our hearts sympathize with his lonely musings on the "charming maid," to whom he was no doubt attached by the tender cords of love. Yet softly—even while he is indulging in these blissful reveries—these delightful day-dreams of affection, he is startled by a "cry for help, oh help," that caused him instantly to "draw his pistols from his belt," where for better security he had placed them. The suddenness of this action produced "a dreadful shock," which was by no means lessened, when he subsequently

"Thought it was Lavinia cried,  
There is a dagger in my side."

Without undergoing the inconvenience of locomotion, he

"Now had gain'd the fatal spot,  
Where stood a lonely wretched cot,  
He entered it with little heed,  
Where stood the monster of the deed."

I cannot bring myself to recapitulate what there met his "scar'd vision," suffice it that "in this cot of mud" he

"Shot the monster through the heart,  
And made him feel death's fatal dart."

There is something so admirably sublime in this last couplet, that I cannot refrain pausing a moment to contemplate its beauties. Who but "a" would ever have thought of conveying "death's fatal dart" on the wings of a molten ball, reeking from the pistol of our justly incensed adventurer!

—not even Milton's self, I am sure.

Pardon me, thou valiant "I," for detaining thee thus long from the promised remedy, but, acting as I do, under the authority of Dr. Sangrado, who holds his diploma immediately from the "Heavenly Nine," it was impossible to avoid dwelling on the elegant refinement of ideas, which pervades thy delightful production. But hark, hark, boy, should you again feel disposed to make an aerial excursion, (which I pray you do not,) I earnestly recommend that you set sail on your Heavenly voyage from the "cot of mud," and visit not the "Saturday Evening Post," lest, perchance, "a misadventure" again befall you. For your present

malady, I advise you to swallow a few draughts of our potent "Balm of Gilead," the composition of which is perfectly innocent, the principal ingredient being "the dull fat weed, that rots at ease on Lethe's wharf." Should this remedy prove insufficient for your restoration to corporal health and mental sanity, by again making application at the Fill Shop, you shall receive some of the bolus above-mentioned.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

William Sewell, in his history of the Quakers, tells us of a rare set of fellows at Rotterdam, in Holland, who, under the pretence of being Christians, run into extremes. Our author says he knew some of them, and had seen books they published in print, in which, under a notion of plainness, not one capital letter was to be found; not even to proper names, nor the names of authors themselves. Some of these people were clapt, by the magistrates, in Bedlam, and no doubt but that they called this treatment persecution. Isaac Furrier was their leader; he lived much like the old Philosopher Diogenes, using at the fire a split stick instead of a pair of tongs, and made it a piece of holiness to use the most blunt language he could think of, how absurd and irrelevant soever. He once went to the door of a Doctor Galenus, and finding the Doctor's name written on the door-post, like our Doctors now have on the knockers, Isaac's seal was killed against the letters Dr. so he scratched them out with his knife. The Doctor asking why he did so, he said, because the spirit did testify to him. On being asked further, if so be that the spirit did move him to stab the Doctor with the knife, whether he would follow that notion? He said, yes.

But Sewell says, Isaac was a giddy-headed man, and the true Quakers could not own him, although he would preach amongst them. As there was then no yearly meeting to settle such points, Isaac quietly left the society, without attempting to appeal, and turning Papist, fell to a dissolute and debauched life, and this is the last we hear of him, or his plain, scrupulous, and exact followers.

### ADVENTURE OF A NIGHT.

I was travelling with a view to collect the outstanding accounts of several extensive mercantile establishments in Philadelphia, and had in my possession notes to a large amount, when in the prosecution of my journey homeward I was obliged to remain at a somewhat rude, disorderly public house for several hours, in consequence of a violent storm, and when the weather allowed me again to travel I found myself 30 miles from Harrisburg, the point I had calculated on reaching that day, and that I had but an hour's sun remaining. I preferred the hazard of the road, however, to a lodging at such a place, and accordingly set forward on my way. By inquiry I discovered before I set out that a man who had formerly followed the seas, and against whom I had a small bill, resided a few miles from the main road, and that by going that distance out of the way I could call on him. The bill had been reckoned a lost one, and I determined to see him if possible. I reached his house about sun down and found him at home. He was a large, ferocious-looking, huge brute of a man, with a dark lowering brow, huge red whiskers, and a rough and forbidding address. He examined the bill a moment, acknowledged its correctness, and told me if I could change a fifty dollar note, he would discharge it.

I replied without hesitation, and he brought the note, but held it in his hand waiting for his change. Then, and not till then, I recollected that to make up the sum I should have to resort to my large pocket book and expose all the money I had, not having a sufficiency in the small one I carried, for the purpose of changing, in my vest pocket. I paused a moment, but considering that my horse was tolerably fleet, I determined to run the hazard, whatever it might be, of tempting him by the exhibition of the cash I had by me. I unfolded the roll after roll, and he looked on with an eye of apparent curiosity. The change was counted down—he produced the note—I saw at first glance it was a counterfeit, and told him so. He betrayed, I thought, a kind of forced surprise at this declaration—but soon rejoined, that if I would sit down, he would immediately put off, return the note to the person of whom he received it, and procure the sum I wanted.

My suspicion had already been awakened—it seemed plain that this offer of payment was either made with the intent to pass on me a spurious note, or ascertain what money I had; indeed the last presumption appeared the strongest, from the circumstance that the note was so badly executed, that he could, I thought, have small hope of it being taken. The question now was, however, should I run the venture and remain, or attempt to reach another lodging, which I knew I could not find in a shorter distance than nine miles, and lose entirely the amount of his debt. I looked at his wife and his children, and the situation of things around; all tended to dispute my suspicions—his family looked respectable, and appeared kind and amiable—all things were in regular order; I remembered too that I had a pair of excellent pistols, well prepared for service; I was young, and persuaded myself that my suspicions were all childish. I resolved to remain, and my horse was hastily put up immediately after which the stranger mounted a small sorrel, and galloped off as he said to get his note exchanged.

I had not been long in the house, however, before the woman excited anew my doubts as to my host. She inquired whether I was armed—whether I carried any money in my portmanteau—whether I had been in the neighborhood—and a hundred similar questions, to all of which I answered with promptness, not choosing to betray any reserve, as that might make matters worse. I waited anxiously for the man's return, debating with myself whether I would not frame an excuse for going on, as soon as he returned. He was to have been on by nine in the evening—but eleven came—the family all appeared weary of sitting up, and I finally gave up the point, and yielded to the frequent intimations that I could retire, and was shown to my chamber.

When left here to myself, I examined into my situation, in regard to the means of my escape, if it should be necessary. I found I was literally in prison. The windows were firmly nailed down and that by which I entered, it separated my room from the chamber in which it appeared to me all the time I slept. It was fastened by a wooden latch on the outside, and I took notice that there was a lock could be raised. This the woman pulled through after her when she shut the door and left me, leaving me at the mercy of opening it or not.

of getting out of the room under any circumstances, and reflected awhile on all these things, and my suspicions all came back, especially I thought of the tramping of a horse, when I thought of the voices of two men in the yard. They entered the house, and a long and constant conversation was carried on in a low tone, which I could not hear distinct enough to catch a single word, with one exception, when one of the men raising his voice a little, with emphasis said, "at all events we must make sure of him in some way." I determined that night I would make an attempt to escape.

I was alarmed—I picked up pistol from under the cushion, threw off my coat, and, with my pistol under my pillow, a hand-grasp, and my money between the bolster and bed, I then slipped immediately asleep, and did not awaken until morning, and my pistol had slipped down, and I was lying on my back, with my head on the pillow, and my pistol in my hand. I rose, undisturbed, and slipped down an hour passed, and I again fell asleep. When I awoke, it was by a gentle rapping at the door, and a call, "Will you please to get up for breakfast?"

Never will I forget my joy—I seemed like a resurrection from the dead; I had an attack made upon me in the night, and I was saved. I know I should have had a sleep, and I was, against two frigate's desperadoes. I slipped down, every once I met you, and I was, the man paid me my money, he had been described in the note, and had been caught in getting it exchanged, which was the object of his late determination the night before. The man had come home with him, the good woman told me very kindly, that she had been disturbed, so the old man and his son had cut up late, examining into and arranging some matter which they had against a fellow who had become involved in the neighborhood.

### AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

An event, which is vividly depicted in the imagination by the forcible language used in detailing it, and said really to have occurred to the writer as related, is published as follows in the Cincinnati Literary Gazette of last January:

"I sailed from New Orleans in the beginning of Feb. 1820, in a small schooner, bound for New York. We descended the river without any accident, and went to sea with a fine breeze; we had favorable winds and good weather for the first five days. On the morning of the 6th, it began to cloud up; as the day wore away the gloom increased, and when the night set in, it was as intensely dark, so I ever remember to have seen it. The novelty and interest of my situation prevented me from turning in; the scene was awfully grand—the rolling of the thunder could just be distinguished above the rolling of the waves, and the vivid flashes of lightning dispersed for a moment the gloom, and showed the raging waters around us. I continued walking on the deck with the captain, who was relating to me some of the many dangers and difficulties that a life of 30 years on the coast had subjected him to. He had been thrice shipwrecked, and twice captured by the enemy in the late war with England. He was a good seaman, and had all the virtues and vices of a sailor.

We continued on deck for some time; the wind had now increased to a gale. The waves ran mountain high, and our little vessel danced over them in fine style, when accidentally casting my eye over the side, I thought I perceived something dark moving in the water; I pointed it out to the Captain, who no sooner saw it than with an exclamation of terror and despair he cried, "We are all lost," and sprang to the binnacle for his trumpet. I saw in an instant our danger; it was a large ship with all her sails set, bearing full upon us. I knew if she struck us our destruction was inevitable, she would pass over us in a moment—the people on her deck would be scarce sensible of the event, as we should be buried in the ocean without the least possibility of relief.

The Captain twice raised his trumpet to his lips, but fright and despair made him mute—I snatched it from him, and in a voice rendered supernaturally loud by the danger of my situation, and which was heard even above the roaring of the waves, I hailed her with "Starboard your helm." In an instant after, I heard the officer on the deck, in a voice scarcely less loud than mine, pass the word of "Hard a starboard." In another moment she passed us with the velocity of lightning—her black and lofty sails casting a still deeper gloom over the deck of our little vessel. She rolled in the chasm occasioned by the passing of the vast body, so high her and nearly upset. I sank on deck overcome by the intensity of my feelings and deprived as it were of the power of motion. I recovered myself and approached our captain; he was standing in the same position as before the vessel had passed us, and appeared to be insensible to the objects around him. I spoke to him, but he answered me not—I shook him, and he arose as from a stupor or reverie. It was some time before his mind resumed her empire, and he afterwards told me, that in all his danger and peril, and when death stared him in the face, and deliverance seemed impossible, he was never so impressed with the certainty of his destruction, as at that moment. As for me, I shall never forget my feelings on that eventful night, and cannot even now look back without horror on the danger of my situation.

### RICHARD JACKSON.

From Dwight's Travels in New-England and New-York. Among the prisoners taken by the Americans at the battle of Hoosac was an inhabitant of Hancock, in the county of Berkshire, a plain farmer, named Richard Jackson. This man had conscientiously taken the British side of the revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his sovereign. Hearing that Col. Baum was advancing with a body of troops towards Bennington, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to this corps. Here he was taken, in such circumstances as proved his intention beyond every reasonable doubt. He was besides too honest to deny it. Accordingly he was transmitted to Great-Barrington, then the shire-town of Berkshire, and placed in the hands of General Fellows, high sheriff of the county, who immediately confined him in the county goal. This building was at that time so firm that without a guard no prisoner could be kept in who wished to make his escape. To escape, however, was in no degree consistent with Richard's idea of right, and he thought no more seriously of making an attempt of this nature, than he would have done had he been in his own house. After he had lain quietly in goal a few days, he told the sheriff he was feeling his time and earning nothing, and wished that he would permit him to go out and work in the day time, promising to return regularly at evening to his quarters in the prison. The sheriff had







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